

The Battle of SEA.



T *Har/day* in the Morn the Ides of *May*,
Recorded for ever the famous *Ninety-Two*,
Brave *Ruffel* did discern by dawn of day
The lofty Sails of *France* advancing now;
All hands aloft, aloft, let *English* valour shine,
Let fly a Culverine, the signal of the Line,
Let ev'ry hand supply his Gun,
Follow me, and you'll see
That the Battle will be soon begun, &c.

Torville o'er the Main triumphant Rowld,
To meet the gallant *Ruffel* in *Combat* on the deep,
He led the noble Train of Hero's bold,
To sink the *English* Admiral at his Feet:
Now ev'ry valiant Mind to Victory doth aspire,
The bloody Fight's begun, the Sea it self on Fire,
And mighty Fate stood looking on,
Whilst a Flood all of Blood
Fill'd the Portholes of the *Royal Sun*.

Sulphur, Smoke and Fire disturb'd the Air,
With *Thunder* & *Wonder* 't affright the *Galle* *Shoar*,
Their regulated Bands stood trembling near,
To see their lofty Streamers now no more:
At Six a Clock the Red the smiling Victor led,
To give a second Blow, the fatal overthrow:
Now Death and Horror equal Reigns
Now they cry, Run, or Dye,
As *high* Colours Ride the vanquish'd Main.

See they fly amaid through Rocks and Sande,
On danger they grasp at to shun a greater Fann;
In vain they cry for aid to weeping Lands,
The *Nymphs* & *Sea-God*, mourn their lost Belov'd,
For evermore adieu thou Royal darling *Sun*,
From thy ugly end thy Master's Fate's begun,
Enough thou mighty God of War,
Now we sing, *Bless the King*,
Let us drink to ev'ry *English* Tar.

Come jolly Seamen all, with *Ruffel* go,
And sail on the Main, proud *Admiral* for to go,
And give our Enemy a second Blow,
And fight *Torville* if that he dare to meet,
Come brother *Tar*, what cheer'st for such big Gun supply,
And thump 'em off this year, or make Men to fly,
While we do range the Ocean round,
Day or Night we will fight,
When our Enemy is to be found.

Let it ne'er be said that *English* Boys
Should ere stay behind when our *Admiral* does go,
But let each honest Lad cry with one Voice,
Brave *Ruffel* leads us on to fight the Foe, (burn,
We'll give them Gun for Gun, some sink & others
Broadsides we'll give them too, till *Admiral* crys
Des *Englishes* vill kill us all, (March on
Whilst they scower, we will pour,
Thick as Hail amongst them, Cannon-Ball.